God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy daies
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Ha.*
Buck. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.
Pria. Welcome my L. what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? L. Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene thesend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother presently?
If she dgnie, L. Hastings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne to Duke of Yorke,
A non expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
Buck. You are too senceless obstinate my L.
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie hast you
Say Vncle Glocester, if our brother come, (may.
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe.
If I my counsel you some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please & shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Pri. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæser build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious L. begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue re edified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie.
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so yong, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say, without Characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conqhest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buck. What my gratious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,